

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES



SONG
and Refrain.

MUSIC BY

GOLLANG.

WORDS BY

HATTIE LUMMIS

WITH PERMISSION OF

Godey's Magazine.

HIGH KEY
MEDIUM
LOW.

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IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES.

Words by HATTIE LUMMIS,
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Music by G. O. LANG.



We wan-der'd in the sha-dow of the pines, my love and I, As the
You took the ring I gave you, nor cast a glance at me. As you
I wake from bit-ter dream-ing but to call a-loud your name; I —

p

wind was blow-ing fresh-ly from the sea; But a
held the jew-el'd trink-et in your hand; And —
sleep a-gain to dream of you once more; And my

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sud - den fit - ful dark - ness stole a - - cross the sum - mer sky, And a
 then you turn'd and toss'd it in the wa - ters of the sea, Where the
 stub-born pride has left me, I ad - mit I was to blame, For - -

shad - ow came bet - ween my love and me. Some -
 waves are splash - ing id - ly on the sand. You -
 give me, dear and love me as be - fore. For the

has - ty words were spok - en and then al - most un - a - wares, Has - ty
 went your way, un - heed - - ing the tears I could not hide, You -
 fu - ture is o'er - shad - do'w'd with the dark - ness of de - spair, In the

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an - swers to un - think - ing an - ger led, And our
 went your way and not a word was said. But my
 sky of life, love's sun no lon - ger shines. And I'd

heart-sick, bit - ter long - ing, and our weep - ing, and our pray'rs Ne'er can
 stub - born heart was break - ing, un - der - neath its mask of pride, And the
 give the whole world glad - ly, once a - gain to meet you there, Re - u -

make those false and cru - el words un - said.
 pine trees sobb'd in pi - ty o - ver head.
 ni - ted in the sha - dow of the pines.

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Come back to me sweet - - heart and love me as be - fore, - - Come

back, back to me sweet - - heart and leave me nev - er - more. -

In life's dull path - - way, the sun no long - er shines,

Come love and meet me in the sha-dow of the pines

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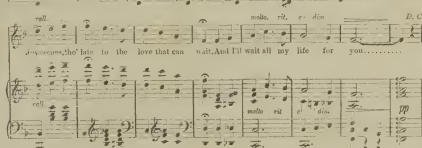
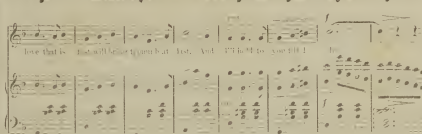
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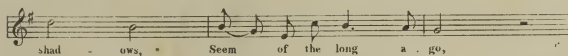
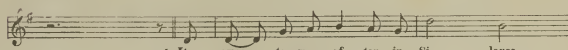
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1. It comes to me often in silence, When the fire-light splutters low,
When the black uncertain shadows, Seen of the long ago
Always with a throbbing heartache. Thrilling every pulsive vein,
Comes the old unquiet longing, For the peace of home again
I'm sick of the roar of the cities, And of faces cold and strange,
I know where there's warmth of welcome, And my yearning fancies range
Refrain: Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain,
But there'll be joy in the coming, When I go home again.

2. When I go home again, there is music, That may never die away,
And it seems the hand of angels, On a mystic harp at play,
Touched with a yearning sadness, On a broken, broken strain,
To which my fond heart worships, When I go home again,
Outside of my darkening window, The great words crash and din,
And slowly the Autumn's shadows, Come drifting, drifting in,
Refrain: Sobbing the night wind murmurs, To the splash of Autumn's rain,
But I dream the glorious greeting, When I go home again.

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